



# *colored whispers*

*Anwer Ghani*





# COLORED WHISPERS

prose poems

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Second edition

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### **Dedication**

I dedicate these colorful whispers to Iraq, the wounded country, laden with colored wounds.



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## Preface

Poetry is not a celebration. Poetry is not bleeding. But poetry is bleeding and celebration. In "Colored Whispers", Anwer Ghani celebrates his bleeding, and his celebration bleeds. He forgets that he is a doctor or a cleric and only remembers that he is an Iraqi citizen who lived the scourge of war and wants only a simple and quiet life.

Colored whispers by more than sixty prose poems written by Anwer Ghani in the first half of 2019, we find the same message that Anwer repeats in his speeches and writings that it is the call for a life of peace for the war-ravaged Iraqi people.

It is the celebration of tears and the revolution of crying until victory, amid a bitter siege of sorrow and devastation. Through crying and weeping and tears, Anwer Ghani points fingers to the seriousness of the situation and to the real crisis that threatens the existence of Iraqi human, with messages in poems looking forward to legitimate but missing dreams.

The poet's reliance on the whispering narrative language, which is characterized by simplicity and the wavy narration between direct revelation, symbolism and metaphor, achieves its message through sensations and feelings before meanings in a abstract and brilliant space. The variety of poems and the accompanying colorful feelings gave this collection a colorful character, so these poems are colored whispers.

Here, in “Colored Whispers”, and in more than sixty poems of prose, written by the writer of the prose poetry Anwer Ghani, we find whispering, revelation with multiple messages and deep and large stories of people have been destroyed by wars which stole their smiles and their mornings by hard dancing and its cruel hands. These poems are the tales of a people and a nation that is devastated. They are the tales of a sad man who lives in a country of sorrow and always looks forward to a moment of hope and happiness.

### **The Author**

Anwer Ghani is an award winner poet from Iraq. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in more than fifty literary magazines and twenty anthologies in USA, UK and Asia and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". In 2018 he was nominated to Adelaide Award for poetry and in 2019 he is the winner of Rock Pebbles Literary Award and the award of United Spirit of Writers Academy for Poetry. Anwer is a religious scholar and consultant nephrologist and the author of more than eighty books; thirteenth of them are in English like; “Narratolyric writing”; (2016), “Antipoetic Poems”; (2017) and "Mosaicked Poems"; (2018), and “The Styles of Poetry”; 2019.

## **Crying Until Victory**

Here, in this absent part of the world, I mean my land, you will find me standing under that tent with tears. No one taught me how to cry, but I learned deeply that crying is a victory, and that the stupid devil does not realize the power of crying, so I will cry and you will always find me crying. Yes, it is me; the man of crying. If you see me one day on a tree branch, do not expect to find me sing, but you will find me crying. If you see me one day with my beloved, do not imagine that you will find me whispering in her ear words of love, but you will find me crying. If you ever see me reading a book, do not imagine that you will find me dreaming of a worldwide but you will find me crying. If you ever find me painting, do not imagine that you will find me drawing pink roses, but you will find me crying. If you someday find me write a poem, do not expect you will find me singing purple dreams, but you will find me cry. Yes, it is the life of crying; crying revolution; crying until victory.

## **Smashed Flowers**

Yes, it is a flower, but it is just a smashed flower from the ruined land. It has been made in Iraq; the destroyed land. If you want to see the sadness face to face, then look at it, if you want to see the wretchedness face to face, then look at it, and if you want to see the ruination face to face, then look at her. It is from here, from Iraq of the ancient sadness and old ruin. The age of ruination here extends to hundreds of years. Yes, for hundreds of years the hands are destroying us, ruining our land and smashing our times, and why? I don't know. When the sun rises here, it rises ruined, when the moon appears here, it appears destroyed, when the morning wakes up here, it wakes up with screaming and when the night sleeps here, it sleeps with weeping. Yes, we have roots and flowers, but smashed flowers and roots of ruination.

## A Cold April

I will end at the evening's doors as a thirsty spike, and I will cruise the valleys in search of a crippled dream. A tree of almonds I am, and a stolen delight for a feast of a mirage. I bow as a sound of snow in the face of the morning, numerating the sacrifices of the ages from the souls of my innocent village. Like this I will come back; like a yellow tree whispering in April's ear with all the coldness. The children in April are kites over the houses, while the children of my village are lying down as gray bodies whose bloods irrigate the denial land. O the days, O the echoes; come closer, come closer, here is a wound with the size of the chants of the galaxy. I wish I were a deaf rock on the banks of the Euphrates.

## **The Fake Man**

Please don't look at me and don't try to hear my voice. I am sure won't see anything and won't hear anything because I am just a fake man. I think you may like to find a thought in my mind; even a simple thought, but you should know that there is no thought in the mind of a fake man. You may expect to find a heart here, in my chest, but believe me won't find any heart here, in my chest, because I am just a fake man. My smile, oh, my sad smile; it is a very fake smile. Our river, oh, our dry river; it is fake like me. Dear friend, do you hear about the dreams of our girls? Yes, they are fake dreams exactly like my fake soul. Do you hear about our land? Yes, you are right; the fake land which has been stolen in front of the eyes of this real world; I mean the very real world. Do you hear about my flower? Yes, my very romantic morning flower; it is also a fake flower. They stole my dream because I am a fake man and they kill my flower because I am a fake man. So, now I think you know that I am a fake man have no land, no soul, no heart, no girl, no dream and no flower.

## Dead Dreams

What do you think these buds dream of? I mean the boys of my village. Do they dream of an abloom flower, of a colorful bird, of a warm kiss? Or do they dream of war, of ruin, of the blind smoke that you breathe out of your bitter mouth as a snake, like a black predator monster? O the black earth. Please enough for being a predatory snake, enough for your bitter absence, enough for this cruel cold. I am really tired of your deserted color, your deserted mouth, your deserted words. Think for a moment, what do you think your children are dreaming of my village children? Look at their dreams with love. Stop your hardness. This palm, your palm do you see? They have become bitter grief. And this amber, your pride, do you see it? It has become a dismal mirage.

O country of killed dreams. Repeatedly and I see you crush my dream with your cruel feet. Repeatedly I say to you that you do not know the art of dreams, the art of love. Go out of the orchard of my grandfather with no sorry and look for another dark place like your soul. Get out of Iraq, let him smile; remove your poisoned nostrils from its bleeding waist. O land of despair. Now I will leave with all my love, and I will die gladly, so that I will not see your ugly face your bitter face. I will always cry for my soul, the soul of Iraq, in a permanent funeral for the dead Iraq, for Iraq's dead dreams; the dreams of the boys of my village.



## The Poets

Have you seen the distant islands, fairies Islands? Yes, I know, you did not see them because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the remote islands; the islands of fairies.

Have you ever seen the truth face to face and given you a smile? Yes, I know, you did not see it because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the truth and pick up its smiles.

Have you ever been able to see your soul being stripped in a vast light where shadows swim, faint shadows planting within you an unforgettable ecstasy? I know, you never could see your naked soul, and you do not discern those shadows, or that great ecstasy because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can see the naked spirits, their shadows and feel their exaltation.

Have you ever sat on that brown hill above the moon and looked at the earth, every part of it, every laugh? every look: every whisper; as if you were looking at a nut? I know that you never sat down and did not look at any part of the earth or any laugh, any look or any whisper on it because you are like me, not a poet; only the poets can reach the moon and sit there above their brown hills. They are the only ones who can see every part of the earth,

every laugh in it, every look of love and every whisper of passion.

Have you ever written a charming poem? I know you did not write such a poem someday, because you are, like me, not a poet; only the poets can write a charming poem. Believe me, to see beauty honestly and honestly describe it and to see truth honestly and honestly tell it, you have to be a poet.

### **Please hold my hand**

Please hold my hand, hold it tightly, I want to feel something warm, I am tired of coldness in this world. Imagine me a bird and catch me strongly, imagine me a flower and catch me strongly or imagine me what you want but what is important is to hold my hand strongly, I really need your warm hand to feel that I am still alive and not frozen. Please hold my hand warmly, hold it deeply; hold it lovingly. I am a cold shadow thirst for warmth, depth and love. I am an absent tale on a lost paper need warm fingers to find their lines. Please hold my hand to celebrate and light a candle in my cold nights.

## **I LIKE RAIN**

I like rain because it is a portrayal of love. Its face is wet, but warm and its hand is shivery but kind. It comes at morning as an big smile with strange passion and at evening, it comes like an old tale hugs the small leaves. When we get lost in the rainy moments, we find a breeze embracing our bare souls. I can't imagine how it will be miserable, if I can't see rain drops' dancing.

## **The Celebration of Truth**

It was neither a wish nor a dreamy moment but a light in the middle of the night breaking the rocks of the gray time and spreading the appeal to the remote lands where everything was waiting. The rivers wait, the trees wait, and the truth waits. O the lost truth, the killed truth; nothing here but blindness and darkness, but tonight is joyful and festive, so celebrate, make a cake and sprinkle flowers; it is the promised moment; the birth of true life. In the middle of Shabaan, in middle of the night, in the the middle of the dark voice, in the middle of the blind corner, the light rises; it comes out in the valleys between the hills like a silver bird lighting the loving eyes and as an old tale not changed by the gray days to touch the passionate hearts. O sad truth, stay with me here and wait for your bright face, and your white soul; stand here with me and lets us celebrate.

## **The Month of Rain**

It is Shaaban; the month of rain where the waiting earth wears smiles and the waiting hearts see gladness. It is the birth of embodiment of pure knowledge and righteous deeds. I feel his awesome breeze and his enchanting tranquility. He is the true soul of peace and the real face of love; the gladness' man; Al-Mahdi; nothing on his hand but delight and nothing in his heart but kindness. He is the love's master that love waits and the peace's leader that peace awaits. He is the rightness' king and the

justice's man, so in his name celebrate my country, and for the his coming ignite the candles.

### **I will smile**

I will smile this morning, because its sun reminds me of your brightness, its birds remind me of your greeting and its flowers remind me of your smile which plants in me every beautiful hope. I will smile this morning strongly, as if I see it for the first time, and as if I will live it forever, because it reminds me of your glances, your tales and your whispers. Do you see this breeze? It reminds me of you. Do you see those orange autumn leaves? they remind me of you. Do you see these dreams which have been hung on the wall of our home? they remind me of you. Oh, dear lost happiness; please come with your lovely smile; come with your precious fragrance. Please the lost happiess; come up even once; even for a single false time to remember that I am still alive.

### **Every Year I Love You More**

I asked every rose in our garden and every tree near our home to tell you frankly that every year I love you more. Today, in this charming morning I talked with the sun seriously and we decided to tell you just one fact that every year I love you more. It is the last night of December and this year has passed with big memory but what I remember is our moment where I love you more. Now, in this silent night, near our small heater, and precisely in this warm wintry moment, I listen carefully to my coffee and I remember every word from it and how it tells me to give you a big hug and tell you strongly that

every year I love you more and more. When I sit beside you, I love you more, and when I travel through the far lands, I fell deeply that I love you more. When I talk with you, I love you more, and when I remember your words, I love you more and more. In fact every day I love you more and more.

### **Love in The Internet Time**

Yes, the distance is illusion, and the hearts have their secret ways but what can I do if there is no net now? How can I see your pretty face? Dear my remote lover in the faraway land send your soul, let your spiritual breeze touch my depth and let your illusionary fingers play with my dry lips. My words are deep and true, and they are emerged from my heart but what can I do if there is no internet to show you my potent feelings?. Your voice is very nice, but there is no internet to hear it and your eyes are so attractive but there is no internet to see them. These distances kill me, make a big blank in my existence so I can't sing smoothly like my yellow bird, and can't swim in our lake like my goose. I can't sleep and dream in these cold night; I mean very lonely nights. Yes, my remote

love, my nights are so cold and my flowers are so dry and you cant imagine the deep loneliness in my soul. You are the stream of sweetness and the bank of songs but with sorry there is no internet to taste your sweet smiles or hear your songs.

### **Answer In Baghdad**

Come here, sit beside me; I will tell you something. I am from here, from this land; the brown land where Tigris has dreamy mirrors and the palm is veiled with dark green. When you walk on its bridge, your chick will be lovely because of the soft hands touches and your mind will will be flying because of the magic grayish eyes. Only in Baghdad, there are magic grayish eyes and dreamy mirrors swimming coquettishly like soft colored fish. Look at my words, they are orange like the lips of the Baghdadian birds, look at my dream, it is brilliantly silvery like the hearts of the Baghdadian brooks. Yes, I am a farmer from the south, but here, in my chest, there is a Baghdadian silvery heart and a smooth Baghdadian tale. Yes, only in Baghdad, the tales are so smooth and satiny like the velvet nights , and the moon is so soft like rosary cheeks of a coquettish woman.

### **THE GRAY WINDOW**

I know that gray window which covers my crippled days with its rambling glasses; I mean I know it very well. I also know that voices and that hands which cut our kites

as a salty cup and push our dream into an early sleep. You remember them; I mean you remember them very well. Now, tell me; how can I walk in these rambling days? How can I call my birds to sing again? Yes, no colorful birds at our rambling window and all what you can see are just faint shadows of past flowers. No rain here; at our cold window where the roads eat everything even the beautiful eyes of the red rose and the coquettish voices of our women. No children here, and when you touch the rough hands of our empty roads you will know very well that there are no children on our roads; the very empty roads where I sit and look with a stealthy glance from my gray window; I mean a soulless and a smileless window. I am always asking myself but always there is no answer; how do we want to see birds and flowers near dry wells and an arid land? Yes, I will try to bring some loving water and warmhearted hands so I can plant a colored flower near my gray window.

## **SMILING RABBIT**

We have a small garden, and a small rabbit always wears his wings and flying with delight; at morning and at evening but these black voices had stolen his lovely wing so I am now a flying rabbit without wings. You can't imagine the deep sorry of a flying rabbit without wing.



Someday you will remember me and you will know that your hidden hand has stolen my wing and you will know the size of my lost love and my lost flying.

I am a sad rabbit but inside me there is a big white flower. This black world has broken my legs, but I can't hate it because my mother has planted a white flower in my heart. Yes, I am a white rabbit with a broken leg, and all these big flowers are just a short story of my hidden love. You can see it; you can smell its fragrance, and you also can see my broken leg.

It is ver strange that I can't do anything but smiling despite the sadness. You know; I am the smiling sad rabbit and if you rummage my pocket you won't find just orange. Look at my hand; it is warm and may look at my face; it is a shadow. When the morning sees my eyes, it gets shining smile but when the evening touches my heart, it will see my hidden wound. Yes, it is me; the very smiling rabbit of the waste land where everything is a shadow even my smile.

## **STORMY DECEMBER**

No windows in my small house where the birds had been made of faint shadow and the rivers are laughing with tears. Our windy December has destroyed everything even my soul so I am now just a soulless apparition. Look at our trees; they are kneeling; the wind has stolen their dreams. I am a man from the south where everything is soft and bland, but the rigid hands of this windy December have scattered our girls' woolgathering.

Here the streets are so raging, do you know why? I think you won't know the story. These streets have been made by the rough fingers of our December where the nights are weepy, and the moons are colorless. You can't see anything here in December just violent and shameless faces. Yes, our December has a veil but its stormy soul destroying our dreams. Our stormy December is strange and reckless, but we love it because we are strange and reckless like it.

Yes, December is not my friend, but I see its footprints and follow them. It fills my lung with wild air; yes, our December is crazy and has so attractive eastern eyes. You may see that bough, that leaf and that very small bird; you may see them but you won't know anything about their wild souls. Our wild December is unbelievable, and it can make amazing fairies from our vanished tales.

## **IT IS NICE TO BE AN ARABIA MAN**

We are from the East, where the desert grows in our heart as flowers and the eagles live in our minds like the canaries. We are not primitive as you think, but I think we don't know how to play. Yes, our wells aren't pink but at least they can hug our beautiful fish, and our children don't know how to kiss but at least they have colorful kites. Yes, our Arabian scarf is so tall because our ancestors knew that we had fragile hearts, and we cry easily. You shouldn't think that we are so sensitive or overpassionate but in fact our souls have made from chants and our ordinary speech is poetry. In fact, we are the sons of poetry, and our internal is so dreamy like the watermelon, and in addition to our pink water, we have sweet melodies, and when you open our hearts you will see the magic rivers and fairies. Yes, we are brown, and our farmery hands are coarse but these hands have smooth, firing and magic touchings and our forefathers knew that we are exceptionally infatuated with beauty so they have colored us brown and not white. Here, on our Arabian skin you may see the impressions of our old lightening candles and the scratches of the long years of the hard hope. It will be so nice if you are an Arabian man, because all the melodic birds will find their ways to your stormy trees and all the farms will emerge from your

deserted hand. We are from here, the stormy lands where the brook can't be dry and the streets' eyes are shy and attractive. It will be nice to be an Arabian man where your mouth is hidden by a grey veil, and your voice is so marginal. This world will know you very well and the pictures of your camels will appear daily in the magazines but in a silent manner and without opinion. Yes, it is very nice to be an Arabic man, because all what you can do is watching and all what your women know is silence.

### **FATIMAH ALZAHRAH**

She is the girl of paradise where the sky man had descended into heaven and ate from the glowing tree and brought her light with him from that high worlds. He said I named her Fatimah; the weaned because God has weaned her and her followers from the hell. Yes, she is the holy woman; she is sinless, hateless, paradisaical and celestial. Her brightness filled the universe, and every thing got glimmery because her shining face so the people called her AlZahrah; the woman with bright face. Yes, she is the inheritor of the brightness and illumination; from Ibrahim and Ismael got her holly enlightening blood and from Mohammed inherited the elucidative truth and wisdom. She was totally dissolving in love of God, so she was called Saydatonnisaa; the first lady of heaven, and her heart filled with sincere faith so her sons are the nation of the holy sky sciences. When she reaches marriage, Allah told his prophet to marry Fatimah from Ali, so her

marriage was firstly done in the sky. She was the smile of her husband and her children and the strong wall against the harmful wind. She didn't know but love and postponed all her needs to the otherworldly meeting day. All the blackness of this world; the black hands of the black sounds of the black birds which filled her sky with gloomy moments will be asked severely, and they won't find answers. Yes, her skyward soul can't die and her superficial death is just a message that this world is not suitable for the luminous souls. In the thirteen of Jumada Alula, when she died, the sky wore its black dress and the roses filled the gardens with tears, but her light didn't fade and through her sons this world get its uncloudness and vision. She was Alsayeda; the lady, because her people gave her big love and respect, and she is Albatul: the maiden because she was sinless. She was Almbarka; the blessed woman because her sons are the holy light by which the people can see their roads.

## **THE FLOOD OF ETERNITY**

The grand flood was a teacher who learnt his student the secrets of eternity. Utnapishtim knew all the secrets when the mightiness of water transfigured in front of his eyes. There are no fairies or witches on the flood but

Utnapishtim realized the listen and knew the essence of life. In front of the wide eyes of the flood, Utnapishtim built his big ship to save our life and all these smiles. Gilgamesh crossed the great sea to meet Utnapishtim, the man of the flood who told him about the plant of immortality which resides peacefully behind the wide sea. Gilgamesh traversed the wide sea and found the eternity plant but when he entered the cold pond to swim, a snake of destiny stole the timelessness from our hands. Yes, Utnapishtim grasped the eternity because he had built a big ship while Gilgamesh lost his immortality plant because he just made a small boat. The flood has a heart, so it learned Utnapishtim the wisdom and the secrets of life while Gilgamesh's plant has a sleepy eyes, so it chose the snake instead of us.

## **WHEN YOU HAVE A FAMILY**

Anwer Ghani

When you go deep in your silence, there is nothing can break you but the faint sound of your days and when you read my poetry you will know that I am a farmer from the south my father has planted me with our ambergris. Yes, I am a simple farmer from the south around me a small tree, a small river and a small family. My morning is kneaded with my small daughter's smiles, my evening is

colored by my big son's tales and my night is the glory of the soft hand warmth. When you have a family, at that time, you will see the secrets of twilight, the delicious taste of the backache and the very wide world of a small family in the south. Yes, I have a small family in a small house with a small window, but my eyes can see the beautiful night stars and my heart can touch the charming morning smiles. When you have a family, your smile will have pink lips and your work will wear a crown. Yes, my friend, when you have a family all the days will be valentine and all the times have meaning. Yes, when you have a family, there will be sadness and happiness, crying and laugh, pain and pleasure, but believe me this is the meaning of life.

### **Ramadan Lantern**

When you touch me, I do not stand near the faint window, but I open all the bright doors, the doors of a very strong and very shapeless breeze. O Ramadan; the rain of touches that reach every story in my weak body and every region in my soul. Your touch is a soft candle, yes your touch is a new white flower. When you smile at me, I do not wait behind the absent window, but I see the true doors, the doors of endless time and unlimited place. Oh Ramadan, you can imagine my very intense and very shapeless happiness. When your soft whispers flow deep in me, I will never be near the salty window, but I will be immersed in warm doors , the doors of swimming in a

stunning river, disappearing in a very strong and very shapeless sea. O Ramadan, let your lantern to touch my cheeks and draw a beautiful spring on my eyes. Let fasting immortalizes my body out of the water that will gone, and the food that will perish. Let my body know its true existence, and let me see my real body without food or drink. O Ramadan, allow your lantern to shine in my depth and to color my soul with unforgettable chants.

## **The Dictator World**

Are you a lover or a dictator? Any how, if you want to love me with dictatorship, come with me to browse through the history of the eternal humanity, I mean the eternal dictator. All of us know, even the birds of our tired tree and the fish of our dusty river, that the history was written by the dictators. We are dictators to the core, and dictatorship is taking place in our blood. Our love is dictatorial; our friendship is dictatorial and our commandments dictatorial.

I, for example, here before you, heir of dictatorship, and for thousands of years I live with dictatorship, side by side under one tent, I mean in one prison. We are a dictator race and the dictatorship in our blood. Even our democracy is a dictatorship; the ballot boxes give birth to only a dictator, and the freedom that false voices claim is



in fact a dictatorship that knows only injustice and repression. Tell me why hunger in the South ? Because we are dictators, and why injustice in the north? Because we are dictators, and why rape in the East? Because we are dictators and why is there a killing in the West? Because we are dictators. If we were not dictators every day, we would see the flowers smiling, the sun smiling, the river smiling and the streets smiling, but you see; everything around us is sullen; our love is sullen, our words are sullen, our stories are sullen and our faces are sullen, even these words are sullen, even me; the sullen man because our world is a dictotor world.

### **I can still cry**

Yes, I'm so weak but I can still cry so I will win. Break me; cut my body by your dark desire, but believe me; I will win because I can still cry. Here, in my chest, a treasure of sorrow, so you can kill me daily, you can destroy me daily and you can steal me daily, but you are always a loser because I will remain crying until I rebuild what you destroyed, until my innocents forgive and until my smiles fill the universe. Yes, I will still cry till all humanity say to you: O devil, go away to your dark corner. So you are always a loser because I can still cry and you know my my victory is in my crying.

### **The Land of Blackness**

I am from this land; the land of wars, the land of blackness. For forty-five years, I didn't see only darkness, blackness and hunger. In the land of treasures; in the land of rivers, there is nothing but hunger and blackness. My hand is short, my voice is husky and my face is missed. I am from here; from a country without hand, without voice and without face. No, you are wrong; there are no palm trees here and no amber rice. Nothing here but black desert, black hunger and black future so they called it; the land of blackness. It is a land without light because it is the land of blackness. Look at all this helplessness which eats my fingers, eats my face, eats my voice and eats my soul. Please look even once for this bitter deficit, this black deficit. Oh black world, here in this heart is a flame of love but a black flame because it is from the land of blackness.

### **The Empty Man**

If you want to be an empty come here, come to me, because I am the son of emptyness and the transfiguration of its glory. Yes, I am the empty man from the empty land which can't stand for a moment with a true voice. The streets are empty, the rivers are empty and the hands are empty. Look at our water, it is empty so you won't see fish in Euphrates and look at our orchards, they are also empty, so you can't see palm trees in Basrah. The sun in our land is empty, so there are not lightish poems here, just dark words, the moon is empty in Iraq, so there are no lovers under our streets, and the

trees here are empty so there are no birds on our boughs. Our life is an empty life, our eyes are empty eyes and our dreams are empty dreams. Everything is empty in Iraq, even me; the empty man.

### **An Iraqi physician**

I am an Iraqi physician and you know; Iraqis are just pieces of love but when I smile in front of my patient my heart looks to the remote lands. Yes, I am an Iraqi poet and you know; Iraqis are just dreams but our letters are crippled and our papers are blind. Yes, I am physician in provision and poet in passion, but when I write a word, the letters become red because of our cheap blood in the brooks, and the paper become empty because of our lost dream under the sun and the pen become useless because our stolen flowers by a universal thieves. I am the sad poet from the sad land and my poem is just a crippled Arabian girl. I am a useless physician from the faked land and my management is just a broken mirror and a crached flower. Yes, I am an Arabian man from a land doesn't want to be independent. When my people exit from their illusion and weakness, surely I will make a big cake and I will celebrate with every creatures even the universal thieves.

### **The Slave of Wars**

Fifty years of wars and destruction, just blackness in blackness fills our places, our air, our minds and our

souls. Fifty years of the bitter loss and crippling days, I have seen only smoke, fire, crying women and orphans. Fifty years ago and the wolf is still eating Joseph's meat and the well is still jailing my beautiful bird. Yes, I am a fifty years old man; fifty years and I am a slave to the wars, to the destruction, and there is no light in my dark tunnel to be a bee on a white rose, or a squirrel on a coconut tree. Yes, it is me, Iraq; the slave of wars ; the son of wars; my soul made of blind smoke and my skin made of burned tears. You will not find me a house, because I am the son of wars, and you will not find me a history, because I am the slave of wars. And after all this, I am the slave of wars, I want to inherit my children these servitude and these losses. It is the great crime that I I signed a bond of bondage with you for another fifty years , fifty years of wars and servitude.

## **India, the Special World**

In the special world, everything is special; the birds are special, the flowers are special, the buildings are special and the dresses are special. In India, the faces are special, the eyes are special and the words are special. The rivers in India are special, the forests are special and the hills are special. The moments are special, the smiles are special, the glances are special and the beauty is special. India plants in your depth a special memory, creates special moments and leaves in you a sepecial yearning.

Yes, any land can be special, but India is very special, I mean magically special. Yes, in India, the special world, everything is special.

### **Anwer in Delhi**

I am from the south where sun plays Tukki and palm trees chant fine melodies but in Delhi is the enchantment. There, the enthrallment steals the hearts, so I was missing it just within two days away from it. You can imagine this unrelenting nostalgia, and the deep penetration. Delhi is not just a six armed God; in fact, Delhi is an endless river of amazement, shrill yearning for grandeur and an eternal poem of beauty. It is the home of charming, and simply it is the land of winsomeness and the enthralling face of life. The awesome tall trees in Delhi add to its coffee a special sweetness, the bewitching brown marble gives its words a delicious taste and the grand old buildings colors its memory with unforgettable memories.

### **A Babylonian Man**

I am a Babylonian man, and here, in my depth an ancient soul. Ishtar is my eye; Gilgamesh is my ear and Uruk is my wing. Yes, I am from here; from Babylon, so you see my skin brown like our earth, my soul is tolerant like our palm trees and my hands are bounteous like our

Euphrates. Look at my face; it is so expressive like the Babylonian drawing, and hear my voice; it is so deep like the Babylonian tales. The flowers are more beautiful in Babylon; the smiles are more beautiful in Babylon, and the sun is more beautiful in Babylon. Yes, it is me the naked and pure Iraqi wishes, and a porter who left all the pain on his should. Yes it is me; a Babylonian man with optimist glance. Yes, Euphrates, it is my eye, my glance and my dream for new Iraq, bright Iraq without wars, without wounds just flowers, love and smiles.

### **A Warm April**

I will knock the doors of the morning as a spike full of hope. I will search the fields for a beautiful dream. Yes, a tree of almonds I am, and a hidden joy of a feast in the smiling eyes. I will stand there; in front of the faces of the nights as a voice of rock, numerating my sacrifices over the ages; they are the souls of my eternal village. Like this I return, Like a silver tree whispering in the ear of April with warmth. The children in April are sleepy tales and the children of my village weave from the dust time great stories and draw over the face of these earth songs don't know the absence.s O the days, O the lights, come closer, come closer, here is the hope with the size of the universe. I am that hard rock that broke the hands of the dark wind. I am the endless love to the breeze of Euphrates.

### **The Babylonian Bird**

I am a Babylonian bird with colored eyes. On my wings, the ambitious young men are flying, and on my eyelids, the aspirational young women are dreaming. The Wheat spikes shake my hands in the morning, and at evening, the moon's butterflies whisper in my ears: "that the moon is swimming in the Euphrates." Yes, it is me, a Babylonian bird without veils or hiddenness. My soul was made from dreams, and my feathers are just leaves of palm. Here, on my short wings the amazing girls love life and here on my eyes the lovely youths look at shining future. O blind world, as you, we have boys but with killed dreams. O blind world, as you, we also have girls but with killed dreams.

### **O Tigris Love Me**

O Tigris, show me your bright color, because I am tired of your dark color. O Tigris love me; please make a mistake and love me for a moment. Look at me with a loving glance; a warm glance. Please leave the bloody glances; the cold glances. Your water is dusty and gloomy; please tell me why your water is dusty and gloomy? O my sad river, tell me; when will your sad tales end? When can we see your smiling flowers? Why your water is thirsty for your sons' bloods; the Iraqis' pure bloods. I am just a bird; lonely bird here, but I am always praying for a happy future for your sons; the Iraqis;

please, Tigris blesses them, bless your sons; the Iraqis, please Tigris.

### **The Colored World**

#### **The Colored World**

It is the colored world where every place has its shining color, and every time has its magic beauty. I remember very well that deep moments of the crowd road of Mumbai and the magic garden of the Ahmedabad flowers' city. No winter in India, just warm colors in the Happy Holi, so you don't need any things but love in this colored world where the souls had been filled with flowers and the minds had been colored with songs. The colored lights made the buildings shining as a colored bride filled with henna and the lovely dark green tress penetrated our souls without delay. I can't forget that that skyscraper which had stood in the heart of that shore where a road disappears in the times of high tide. Just in the colored world you find great love to the great persons, and just in India you find the magic fragrance of the charming inheritance. No differentiation and no fences in the colored world where the different languages disappear under the one tent and the different weathers take a beautiful tune in that colored world.

### **Our Pink Girls**

We have girls; pink girls adore life; adore it deeply. Their hearts are white hearts fill the air with enjoyment and their smile are pink smiles color the places with pleasure.



The roads; our roads are black without the girls' smiles and the city; our city is empty without the girls' laugh We have girls; very dreamy girls; in their eyes, the aspirational tales wear beautiful dresses and on their shoulders, the ambitious bags are pink and shiny. . Our girls' fragrance is coming from the fairies' land, and their pink veils are coming from the shiny flowers. Yes, in Iraq we have girls; nice girls; their dreams are big and pink, and their wishes are smiling and Rosary. Our schools are proud that magic girls are sitting on their disks, and our gardens are delight that charming girls are playing between their flowers. Our palm trees give all their sweet date for our girls' hands and our buckthorn trees give all their full seed to our girls' labs.

### **The Souls' World**

I will stand in the middle of our bridge waiting your soul to touch my heart, so I can fly. Our souls' meeting is the true land where we touch the real faces of our bodies and see the real eyes of our minds. Where our souls meet, the moments are more intense; the hands are more warm, the eyes are ore colorful and the feelings are sharper. I am sure that you understand my souls' signs because you are a reader and my mother said that the readers are great believers. And you know my soul's story very well because you are a writer and my father said that the writers can see the souls carefully and know their tales very well. You believe me when my fingers refer to the

places of the angels in the sky because you are beautiful and the beautiful souls are angels' friends. I am sure that you can feel the delicious breeze of the magic feather of the angels' wings because God kneaded our souls with fragrance of his heaven. I know that you don't believe the tongues of those who say that the world of souls should be free from the body tales because we're human and the human is always a soul, a body, and a mind.

### **Yes, But**

Yes, I am a doctor but here, in my chest, a poet loves the magic land. Yes, I am an Iraqi man but here, in my chest, an Indian heart. Yes, I am Arabian inheritor but here in my body, a universal soul. Yes, I can see our desert and dry wells but in my dream, very greeny fields. Yes, it is me; the wars' son, but I am also the son of the palm trees and I won't stop my giving. Yes, I see all the thieves who stole my flowers and my smiles but I am still a white flower full with fragrance and pleasant breeze. Yes, I can see the hate in the remote eyes but here in my brown eyes, an endless and wide love. Yes, it is my present but I also see my very colored future.

### **The Sweet for the Sweet.**

We are from the east; I mean the sweet east where the homes are fenceless and the rooms are doorless because our sweet hearts are very wide and our sweet hands are always opened. My mother says that the sweet for sweet so in our sweet south, the sweet eyes are very merciful and the sweet mouth are always smiley. We have sweet

birds don't eat but sweet grains with sweet hearts don't know but sweet feelings. In the morning, I mean at our sweet morning our sweet birds weave very sweet chants and at the sunset they narrate the sweet ancestors' tales. Yes, like the west, I mean sweet west, we have ancestors, but unlike them we don't have fences or doors. In the north, the sweet hand always try to build sweet houses over the shoulders of our destroyed houses, and the sweet national security should always be safe by the invasion of our sweet security. The west has sweet fences to protect their delicate forehead from the faint sun lights and there are no any care for our eastern burned foreheads by the incendiary sun lights. The women in the west are blond and sweet but their pink lips don't talk about the stolen dreams of our brown girls. The eyes of the boys in the west are green and sweet but they don't see the tears of the brown eyes of our boys. Because my mother said that the sweet is for the sweet, In the west they have sweet love and sweet home and they don't know anything about the sweet hatefulness of the ruined sweet homes.

### **The Fake Land**

There are no eyes, no lips and no flowers in the fake land. I mean there are no real eyes, no real lips and no real flowers in the fake land. Everything is fake in the fake land even the moon, even me; a fake tale from a fake land. This poem; these words; these letters are fake because they are the shadows of a fake man from the fake land. No poetry in the fake land because the thief had stolen it in a sunny day. Oh, sorry, I forget, no thief here in the

fake land, no sun and no days. Nothing here in the fake land just fake images; I mean very fake images. Yes, it is me; the son of the fake land; our dresses are fake, our faces are fake, our love is fake and our souls are fake. Everything is fake here; in the fake land.

### **Love me, it is Friday**

Love me, it is Friday, your love in Friday is more beautiful.

### **The Simple Man**

Be simple and you will be beautiful. Be simple and I will love you more. Believe me, be simple and everything will love you more and more. The amazing nature is simple, the awesome seas are simple and the holy sky is simple. Beauty is the simple simplicity. Life is not in the complexity; life is in the simplicity. Your sleepy eyes are more beautiful with simple eyelashes, and your smooth whispers penetrate my hearts with your simple words. Here, in my chest, a very simple heart knows nothing but spontaneity and needs nothing but simple love. When I talk, I talk simply, when I eat I eat simply and when I love, I love simply. So, please love me with a simple love and call me by my simple name. I love you deeply when you are simple and I get crazy when your smile is simple.

## Poetry in Winter is More Beautiful r

My father is not a poet but he knew poetry very well and in one day he said that poetry in winter is more beautiful. In fact my Father was a soldier but he was knowing poetry very well and in a wintry day he took a look at the twilight and said the poetry in winter is more beautiful. At that time I was a child but I was knowing poetry very well and I was thinking that poetry in winter is more beautiful. My father, the southern farmer and the old soldier said that winter is the season of poetry and I am; the farmer's son thinks that winter is the season of poetry. We are from here, from the south; the earth of poetry where the trees are images of poetry, the rivers are a streams of poetry and the women are pieces of poetry.

## Please Touch Me

I am here, standing under this tree; waiting your touch with red rose; red rose in my hands. Please touch me but please touch me smoothly because I am a sandy flower shatters in your heart as a tale of wind. Please look at me but please look carefully because I am a faint shadow vanished in front of your eyes as a dream of shying girl. Please, hear me but please hear me in a very quiet night because I am a breezy song comes from a remote land, the magic land. Touch me; I am a cold tale waiting your warm touch and a cold heart waiting your absent touch. You know, the flowers are sad without touching and the nights are cold without touching. Please, touch me, so the moon wears its brilliant light and the sun spreads its

golden braid. Please touch me; the hearts love to touch, the flowers love to touch the sky love to touch and the earth love to touch. Everything likes touch.

### **Our Small Fireplace**

Near our small fireplace, I feel I love you more, and when my hand touches its warmth, I feel that my blood is more purplish. Our nights are more lovely near our warm fireplace, and our moments are more efficacious at its orange flame. When I call you, my voice becomes more velvety near our small fireplace, and when you look at me, your glance becomes pinker at our warm fireplace. We are from the south, and we live in a small house but a passionate one with an old fireplace but a warm fireplace. Everything has a different meaning near our fireplace; I can feel your reviving perfume fills the place near our small fireplace, I can touch your smile near our small fireplace and I can see the melody jumping of my heart near our small fireplace. Sometimes when I am at our small home, in our small room and near our small fireplace, I realize that life is just a warm moment near an old fireplace in a small warm home.

## **You Are All The Pleasure**

I am lost in you; this is the fact, and you do all this magic because you are all the pleasure. Please, touch me; let me know; that I am a nice waiting tale; let me know my days and their beautiful moments. Yes, without your smiles I have no days, and without your touches, I have no moments. Please, take me; teach me the life; teach me the killer redness. Your fingers are the beginning and the end; your fingers are the amazement and in their absence, there is no any story. Yes, I am lost in you, and glad for that lost because you are all the pleasure. I want you to know one fact; that I am always in thankfulness for you, in astonishment in front of you, and in pleasure with you. And there is another fact; that you are enough to me, because you are all the deep pleasure. And there is a third fact; that you are my reality and my dream and without you, I am with no reality, with no dream because you are all the pleasure.

## **The Tale of Our Love**

The white cloud told our tall tree to inform the yellow bird that it should whisper in the ear of our bright window that it heard the long river story of the remote springs which they had seen the glory of our love. Our bright window said that the yellow bird was illuminating when it was telling it what the our tall tree heard from the narration of the white cloud tale which said that the long

river was illuminating when it was narrating the lightness of the remote springs that they was shining at the time of talking about the glory of our love. The remote springs had told the long river about our love in a rosary moment, and it brought the story completely and without delay to the white cloud and fastly the white cloud told our tall tree all these details and after a short time the tall tree told the yellow bird which it whispers at the early dawn in the ear of our bright window all the tales of the glory of our love and today at the early morning our bright window told me all the story of our love.

### **I Love the Writers**

I love the writers because my mother said that they descended from a magic paradise and hidden demons live in their souls. The legend says that the writers awake early to grasp the dreams and before the white dogs, they knock the snow's doors to tell us the winter's stories. The snowy mountains are in deep love with the hot mantles of the writers and the flying horses that emerge from their fingers have changed the gloomy colors. I have seen the writers' souls jump delightedly over the grass with the deer and from their smooth pens, the birds take their chants. You may feel the soft breeze plays with their eyes and you may sense their warm beats when they disappear in the river's smiles.



### **I Am Just You**

Yes, I am a poem; I am an letter. No, I am not a poem nor a letter I am just a voice; your voice. So please see me and come close to me. Please see me; I am the spring of water of truth. Please be close to me, I am the table of the true apple of depth. No, I am not a spring nor a table; I am just a letter of peace. Please don't stay away from me; you will be a away from light. Please don't hide me; you will hide the truth. No, I am not a light nor a truth; I am just a letter of love. Please like me; I am your earth and your sky. No, I am not an earth nor a sky I am just a letter of peace and love. Please don't cut me; I am your flower and your smile, so please don't cut me. No, I am not a flower nor a smile I am just a letter. Please dont kill me, I am just yourself, so you will kill yourself. No, I am not yourself, I am just you

### **There are More Sugar in my Blood**

I am so lovely and the air loves my smell because I am deabetic and there are more sugar in my blod. I am always smiling and the morning likes my lips because I am deabetic and there are more sugr in my blood. I am so sweet and the places loves my taste because I am deabetic and there are more sugar in my blood. Rice and bread are my lovely friends but I should stay away and there is no problem to stay away. Yes, the yearning may cruch your heart but sometimes it is better to be away. Yes, it is not easy to stay away from your love but when it harms your heart it will be better to be away. Look at my tea; it is sugarless, look at my coffee; it is also suagrless and look at my days, they are sugarless also but I am not sad, because I am deabetic and there are more sugar in my blood. Who said that I am in need to attractiv sugar? I am the attractive sugary bird and every part of me is full with sugar so I am so sweet and so delicious and don't need more sugar.

### **The Weak Land**

I am from here; from the weak land where the women are weak and have no faces and the girls are absent and have no voices. No sun here, in the weak land, no moon, no flowers, no butterflies because the faces of our women are faint and the voices of our girls yellow. My mother has learnt me everything about the truth but the truth is weak in our land because my mom is weak here. My wife

has given me all love but love is weak in our land because my wife is weak here. My sister has given me all respect but the respect is weak in our land because my sister is weak here. My daughter is give me all the valuable life but the life is weak in our land because my daughter is weak here. My female friend has give me all the kind caring but the caring is weak here because my female friend is weak here. I know without doubt, if our women exit from their weakness and won faces and if our girls exit from their absent and won voices, at that time the sun will rise over our fields, the moon will shine in our sky, the flowers will smle in our gardens.

### Our School is a Home of Love

I was a bird when our ancestors have built our school and you know the birds have dreamy hearts. Our school is a colored river where you can see the golden braids of shy girls and the pritty smiles of the clean boy. The roads into our school are wings of angels, and the hours on its desk are the glances of blessing. When I walk into our school, I was a butterfly and when I meet my fellow there is a garden of flowers. My mother said that the school is the word of God, and the teachers are sons of sky so I am always in love and respect to that beautiful and holy world. Yes. Our school is a holy world, and the first thing we had learnt in the primary class is how to love creatures. Yes, our school is the home of love, and every place is it is a nice flower, every moment in it is a magic tale and every teacher in our school is a holy gift.

## **The Land of Brotherhood**

We are the brothers of suns; our winter chants have a very delicate roaring, and our mumbles have a wide love. We are the sons of old farmers know the magic tales of our rosary rivers and comb the golden braid of the sun at its smiley morning. You know; the brothers are smiles, and the brotherhood is a gift so when you have a brother you will be and endless happy bird and a timeless openhanded tree. Yes, We are Iraqis; the son of this land; the land of brotherhood; our Hilli beans inherited the magic songs from the Babylonian clayey tablets and our amber rice has learnt their peaceful colors from the white souls of our ancestors. Yes, we are the sons of the magic land but this strange world always -and without cause- trying to kill our dreams. Here, in our land, the land of brotherhood, the souls are smooth and the hearts are delicate but the roads are grey and the winds are rough because the blind world has a very black hand which don't stop the stealing of our chants. Yes, we are the endless chants and timeless songs but you should plant a red rose in your fields and lodge wild deer in your lands to hear our magic and to see our colors.

## **Cold Smiles**

Our years shudder; its skin has been eaten by the children so there is no place left for man to smile. No, it is very false to accuse the body as a cause of the sins of humanity. Believe me; the moon love does not need the blood of

trees. I am here, as you see; a lame ghost, and there is nothing in front of me just death. This lovely civilization has nothing a sick boredom from every yellow drop in the ocean. This is how civilization lies, multiplying in veins left by weddings, stretching on an old street that has been frozen by the lack of walkers. There, the smiles are cold and trembling like an ostrich her head has proliferated underground. In its ears the hungry thorns were planted. There, blood fills the canals, devour the veins of the trees, and the dream vanishes like a miserable cow, but the shining sun is always making me a poem do not know the distance from eternity. There, the truth begins. Come, come, O the drowned world, listen to me; the heart of the peasant does not know lying.

### **Walnut Celebration**

I think you don't know anything about the walnut celebration because you are not a simple farmer from the south. Yes, I am simple farmer from the south and when I carry walnut to my home, I make celebration. Our dick becomes more lovely and our chicken wears a melodic tune. The small windows of our small house also celebrate with us, and our cow also celebrates but in shying attitude. In the walnut celebration, we make a round circle on the ground near our old heater and put all the walnut in the middle . At that time you wont hear anything but the celebrating walnut cracking and smiling warm tales. Listen, you should do the walnut celebration

in February ; shortly after the sunset where there are just cold breeze and whispering silence of the quiet night. Also, you should be a simple farmer from the south, exactly like me, to taste the delicious tales of the walnut celebration.

### **God is Love**

My mother said that “God is love and we are the rays of love.” She said: Love wins because of its tenderness and smile. Yes, we are small trees of the lovely hands and just small smiles of the beautiful mouths. We are the sons of love; our hearts are so pink and our souls are so warm. When you touch my heart, you will know the story of yearning and when you see my eyes you will find the sweet tales of magic fairies. My mother said that we are just a beautiful tale of love.

### **The Land of Killers**

My grandfather was a good man but in an absent night he told me a strange story of the land of killers where the moon has no face and the sun has no colors. The killers like to kill; kill my dream, kill my voice and kill my soul. So I am from a land that stands bare and cold. Yes, no love here, in my land, no flowers and no dreams; nothing here, just killing. Yes, I am a killed man from the land of killers. The streets of my land are empty; no lovers, no

girls and no faces. In my land; the land of killers you find nothing just blind killers. My grandfather was a good man but he let them kill his voice and steal his face. Yes, I am the inheritor of a good and killed man; that voiceless man; the faceless man. Yes, I am the son of land of silence; the land of emptiness; the land of killers.

### **I Am Always here, Waiting Your Love**

O, the pale world come on, exit from your dry nights, here is a dawn, come on, I am waiting your love. What will happen if you smile, yes what will happen if you whisper in my ear a tempting word. Please my ranyway world, what will happen if you sit between the poors, between the needer and give them your merciful compassion, true compassion, azure compassion. I have bored with your cold and absent presence. Oh, the absent world, please transfigure and shine, let me see your love, let me know that you know yourself, let me know that just for a moment. Here are clean carpet, clean dish and clean spoon, please sit with me and share me my hungry moment; my lost moment; my absent moment. Please, do something, rise your feet, exit from your freezing delusion. I am not a black wind, not a faceless shadow, I am a kind eye and a soft hand, I am a love. I am standing here, under this tall and old tree, waiting your coming, I am standing here like a shivered bird, alone waiting your

smile, I am satnding here at every dawn waiting your love. Yes, I am always here waiting your love.

### Thank You Very Much

Thank you very much for being here with me Thank you very much for sharing me my sadness and happiness, my pain and pleasure, my dreams and reality. . Thank you very much for being beside me; talking to me and hearing me. Thank you very much for your smiles, your laughs and your glances. Thank you very much for your asking, for your worrying and for your concerning Thank you very much for being eating with me, drinking with me, sitting with me and walking with me. Thank you very much for your touches, for your whispers, and for your hugs. Thank you very much for being kidding with me, playing with me, and joking with me. Thank you very much for caring about me, for being glad for me and for being sad for me. Thank you very much for being in my life, for being my life and for making my life. Thank you very much for your warm love, for your deep love and for your true love. Thank you very much for being standing with my in front the wind, for holding my hand under the rain and for wrapping my body in the cold night. Thank you very much for making my days, my hours and my moments. Thank you very much for everything. Thank



you very much from me. Thank you very much from my heart. Thank you very much.

### **Deep thanks for being my friend**

Deep thanks for being here and being with me. Your presence is a gift, and your friendship is a beautiful world. Deep thanks for being talking to me, hearing me and sharing with me. Your talking is a happy song; your hearing is a magic dream and your sharing is powerful reason for pleasure. Deep thanks for chatting with me, for asking about my name, about my city and about my family. Your chat is a very special moment, your asking is a very cool thing and your interest is a very valuable prize. Deep thanks for your smiling, your laughing and your kidding with me. Your smile make my morning, your laugh plant in my depth delight gardens and your kidding is the the narrator of unforgotten tales. Deep thanks for caring when I was absent, for being glad when I get happy and for being sad when I feel upset. Because your care I feel my existence, because your gladness all the happy moments fly in my hearts and because your sadness for me all the true passionate stories go deeply in my presence. Deep thanks for writing to me, reading me and liking my words. You don't know how your writing colors my day; how your reading illuminates my face and how your like gives my words their shining dresses. Deep thanks for being my friend and for being a deep touch in my life. Your warm friendship is a precious treasure, and

your powerful presence in my life is a very reviving beat. Deep thanks from me, from the bottom of my heart, from the deep lands of my thankfulness. Deep thanks for being my friend.

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### **A Rainy Love**

It is not just a rainy night, it is my life which was always wearing its hat and try to play with full love in my rainy dawn. The roads, the trees, the birds, the valleys, the farmers, the students, the girls and the flowers are celebrating but with faint voices and grey faces because the rain doesn't give the earth all its love. Yes, this is my chest, bare and surrendering, please plant on it your very red and killer flowers, your very green and wide leaves, your narrow road which has no place for a strange man wearing his small and black hat. I will sit there, on that small and old chair, I will sit silent and motionless, I will sit there waiting your love. Yes, I will wait your angry love, your flooded love, your conqueror love; I am waiting your rainy love.

## **A SAD POET FROM A SAD LAND**

I am from here; from the sad land where the men are smileless and the women are faceless. There are nothing here; in Iraq; no trees, no birds, no flowers, no butterflies, no girls, no boys, no poems, no chant, no love and no souls. Everything here is going to destruction and you can't find here but sadness and darkness. The death is our cover and the black is our color. Yes, it is me; the sad poet from the sad land and this is his last killed poem. The moon in our land is loveless and the sun here is colorless. The rivers are waterless and the grass is greenless. No breeze here and no love tales; no parties and no warm nights. Our smiles are absent and our lips are retired. No life here, just death and no light here, just darkness. Our hearts are home of griefs, and our eyes are bed of tears. At the morning, the blind war kills our brothers and in the evening the blind bombs killed our sisters. When our brown eyes weep, the world green eyes laugh, and when our small homes get destroyed, the tall skyscrapers breathe the fragrance of winnings.

## **Spyker**

It is the story of the river of blood and the month of blood. Ah crazy June, kill me in cold blood on a sad day. In the midst of your obscene spirit you stole our innocent blood. Oh, black June, how can you cut our flowers like sheep, and savagely rupture their dreams. And you, O Tigris how innocent blood disappears on your bank and how to

the thousand and nine moons and seven moons are absent coldly with the sunset of the twenty - first of crazy June. Tell me, Tigris, can the red water return pure before the day of reckoning? I will call the eyes of all the angels to weep with me on our beloved youngesters, our wounded young men whose blood the Tigris drank coldly.

I will call all the spirits of the world to weep with me on our young men who the land of Spieeter have eaten their flesh. O heaven, O world, help me to cry and deliver me with tears to those who are killed under the sun. In the Black Year, 2014, June was a criminal and the Tigris bank was a monster. Ah, June, you have a form, yes very large form, but tasteless, and without weight; it is so unhappiness to be huge but without weight and no taste. Ah Tigris, you have a cruel hand and a hate heart but you are always loser and it is so unhappy to be a losing river. O Spyker tell me how your eyes can see sleep and how your soul can find comfort. You are the earth of evil on river of evil in in the month of evil. I see your eyes filled with hate, O river of darkness, which is not tired of hatred, evil and fighting.

## **COLD CHANTS**

Winter chants are drowning in fog, leaving in the memory of the streets with an unforgettable chill. Its cold corners are silent and freeze like an old absent tree. Their sound bends and fades into a wide space where the word has only to fall into the mud. The miserable ships penetrate

my ears while these echoes go away and vomit the eternal pain in the generations' dreams. These are the tales of civilization which sinks into the ocean coldly, even the sea water, including bracelets and dates, has been swallowed by flies at a breaking moment. The heart of the world retires as a widow; there is no place for human dreams, no warmth and no praise. There is nothing but emptiness; the wheat branched out of her legs, bending shyly, only heavy air in her head and its hollow stomach has become warm springs. Yes, you are right a thousand songs are hidden here but the peasants know nothing about them.

## **CLOUDY LAND**

This night isn't so romantic, but I am immersed in my strange love. I am an absent tree and when you touch my hand you won't find just cloudy leaves. Here in this heart, the cloudy love sits and drinks all the pink water. Here, in my river you should see all the golden braids of the sun and the shy eyes of the absent fairies. I can give you my heart, but you should always remember that I am just a cloudy love from a cloudy land.

Our land has a brown face and colored eyes, but I am standing motionless because my grandfather had made a pale veil for my young dream. Now, I will tell you the story, and you may find some pink drops in my cloudy land. We have a kneeling tree and shy bird. Yes, I am from here, from the cloudy land where the lakes are yellow, and the girls are colorless. Where the songs are cloudy and the boys are motionless.

Please call all these remote sands and make from them a brave shadow. Please come here and look at me; I am the sandy man where the smooth winds of the world had broken my weak windows. Yes, It is me, your shadow and your cheap dream. When the evening wears its dress and the moon comes with its old had, you may see the faint smile of my cloudy soul.

## COLORED WHISPERS

I heard the whispers of our river in a precious moment; they were melodious and charming. They were colorful like our souls where the old tales of my father has no

place. You may see all the smiles which reside behind their veils, and you may hear all the news which fill your heart with fine breeze, but believe me, you won't find their eyes but colorful whispers.

Here, in our land, the sun combs the braids of our weak river and draws colored whispers on its forehead. The seasons here are not smooth, and their eyelids are not enchanting but when you listen carefully you may catch my whispers. Yes, it is me, the inheritor of the hidden land where the sun is masked and the rivers are colored with hidden whispers.

Yes, we are from here, from this land; the land of grey sunset where everything has windy wings, and made from whispers even my weak soul. Our sunset is smooth and its eyes are magic and endless. You can sit here; on this chair and listen to my deep voice; I mean my faint voice. Please I need you to touch me, but please touch me smoothly because there is nothing in this heart but faint whispers.

## **The War's Son**

Since my childhood, I've been looking for my face which has been stolen by wars. I am the son of wars; my heart is a dark desert and my memory is a broken mirror has been kneaded with its hard dances. I am an Iraqi son; my life is postponed and my eyes know nothing about beauty.

The clothes of my dreams are very short and my hand is empty as a desolate road. All what I wish is seeing water of Euphrates without blood or tears and all what I want is living amidst our bean without shells walking over Babylon's crashed ribs. Babylon; the daughter of wars, you are like me, have no face, no dream and sleep in dry fields without smile.

Here is me; a faceless man from the ruined land; the wars' land. No roses here because the birds decided to forget their chants and no lips here because Euphrates bend himself as a brown urchin. The sun is not yellow in Iraq because the smoke colored her cheeks with black tears and the moon is so pale because I am the last lover in this smashed earth. Look at my heart, you will find it empty and look at my eyes, they are blind and red. No beauty here in Iraq because our woman had forgotten their glimmering skin.

I am a blind tree knows nothing about the evening breeze and its chants. All I know is a failing attempt to catch the ragged remnants of this world. My leaves are pale and my dream has a faint evening sitting at a black door without sunset. The grey birds like its delusive whispers but when it takes its real face, there is nothing but sad boughs.

I am the war's son; my memory was kneaded by her rugged dance and my heart colored with her gloomy soul. When the tales of the mountains ended at her cold knees, you will find me in her smoky corners with my dreadful shivering. Look at my water, it is dirty and look at my future, it is nothing but vagueness. I am a good son, so I



am her mirror. I can shred all the flowers of the sleepy mornings. I can drink all the milk of Australian cows and I can destroy all the souls of Cedar forest. Here, in my chest, is a legendary fire with a voice demolishes the entire beautiful mirrors and a passion kills the moon's dreams.

Here is an Iraqi man; my life is postponed and my face was stolen by wars. My voice is vaporous as a shadow and my dreams' clothes are as short as a laugh. I know nothing about beauty or love and know nothing about Detian Falls. I don't want a colorful hat, or a golden watch. All what I want is seeing Euphrates lives a day without blood, and the shells leave the crushed ribs of Babylon. When you visit my garden won't find but sadness and won't see but the stolen face.

Yes, it is me, the war's son, can't read poetry, because my eyes were stolen and all poetry's eyes which had seen the lustiness were cornered. I am not an anti-poetism, and the human souls are miracles, but they are not a miracle of beauty as you saw. Here is my empty life, I don't have a grass 'child and nothing in me can stand to see the glory, and I am sure if poetry know my pain it will cry with bitterness, and it will forget his thirst for eternity. I know the sublim land, the sublime descent, and the sublime continent, but I am merely a road and a shoddy vehicle for all this blossoming. Yes, I know that the human soul is a big universe, and poetry will not die, but I am merely a lifeless shadow.

My mantle is red; I am the son of wars, and all that you can see is my crippled remnants. I don't remember anything about the peaceful dresses, because our town brides were killed before their weddings, and our land's face was smashed by the unknown. Now, we are loveless and know nothing about the moon's tales. We are always looking for our lost dresses in this white and wide world. Here, we can't see our hands because they disappear in the mouth of war, and we can't hear our voices because they drown in its absent ocean.

Dear friend, I am the son of war; knows nothing but smoke and see nothing but blackness. My rivers filled with salty tears and my dead children lie on the dry streets as cheap rocks. Look at my hands; they were smashed as a west paper, and look at my face which was stolen under a bright sun. I don't want any song or any celebration. All my wishes are to see my women without weeping and hearing my birds' chants without crying. O, blind world, who was killing my dreams with a cold blood.

I know the wars and their ugly voices, because I am their son. The war is a gray tale, dressing her red mantle in lonesome nights. She had stolen my blood and any smiley piece, so you may see nothing here but sad moments. In the morning our children fill their eyes with hazy clouds and in the evening you can smell the odor of hungry souls. The walls of our rooms are fissured liked a smashed soul and the beds of our brides are bloody like the colors of our streets. The Youngsters and oldsters are sitting in the dark corners waiting their hazy fate, and every hand here has nothing but paralysis. Without any sin we are

drowning deeply in the fired field, and you are, the reader,  
doesn't do anything.

I am a lifeless tree with colorless tales. I am a man can't  
live with dauntless boat. Here, in my destroyed land, there  
is no glory nor poems and all what can you see is a pale  
death. Our houses are filled with black bitterness and our  
grass is not green. Our girls are fields of sadness and our  
streets are mirrors of wars. Yes, we are sons of blind death  
but there are no fault on our hand and no any blood on  
our coats.

## **ANWER GHANI; SHORT CV**

ANWER GHANI

1973, Babylon.

Poet, physician and Religious scholar from Iraq

Addrees: Iraq , Babylon 51001 , Babylon post office ,  
postal box 396.

Passport name: Anwar Gheni Jaber

Pen name: Anwer Ghani

Married and has two daughters and son.

Consultant nephrologist in Dialysis unite in Alsadiq  
Hospital.

1973: Born in Hilla – Iraq.

1991: Kufa University of medicine.

1995: publishing of 1st prose poem in Arabic journal.

1997 : MBChB.

1999: Marriage

2004: complete the 1st edition of his long prose poem ( Death and Life), 44 pages.

2005 : Specialty in medicine (Internist).

2005: Anajaf School of Fiqh science ( Religious sciences).

2007: Training on Kidney Transplantation in India.

2007: 1st digital publication of an Arabic book on Amazon.

2014: 1st poetry collection in Arabic on Amazon.

2015: publishing of eight researches in nephrology. ( from 2005-2015).

2015: Consultant physician degree.

2015:

-Founding of Tajeed group of prose poetry in Arabic and Tajeed magazine o prose poetry in Arabic.

- Founding Tajdeed prize for prose poetry in Arabic.

2016: 1st publishing of a book of literary essays on Amazon.

2017:

- Publishing poetry in more than 30 magazine.
- Publishing of Antipoetic poems on Amazon.
- Founding of Arcs prose poetry group and Arcs magazine of prose poetry.
- Publishing of 70 book in Arabic and English on Amazon.
- WNWU Prize of best poet.

2018:

publishing 11 book in English ( poetry and literary theory) on Amazon.

- Inner child press award.
- Nomanee for the best poet on net by Spirite Fire.

2018:

- Founding of Arcs prize for prose poetry.
- Adelaide prize nomanee of best poetry
- publishing of Mosaicked poems book on Amazon.
- Erbacce prise nomanee.

2019:

- Founding of International Prose Poetry Society.
- Rock Pebbles ward for literature.
- United Spirit of World Writers Award.

- Coming soon “ A Farmer’s Chants” by inner child press.
- Coming soon “Colored Whispers” by AABS publishing house.

Books:

Till 2019, Anwer have more than 80 books in Arabic and English.

English titles (most on Amazon):

1. Antipotic poet; poetry
2. Narratolric Writing; essays.
3. Narratopoet; poetry.
4. Drops; art (digital photoartography).
5. Trump; poetry
6. Colored Mosaic; poetry.
7. Expressionistic poems; poetry.
8. Mosaic; poetry.
9. Abstract, digital art.
10. Tessellation; poetry.
11. The Law of Beauty; essays.
12. The styles of poetry; essays.
13. Mosaicked poems; poetry.

14.Farmer's Chant. Innerchild press, coming soon.

15.Colored Whispers, poetry. Coming soon.

Quotes:

Quotes:

Poetry is love and love always wins

Personality:

In life: A lover husband and farther.

In external: A simple farmers' son.

In internal: A son of light.

In work: A Dialysis provider.

In writing: a Prose poetry writer and lover.

In Religious science: A Moheddith, (A Narrator of holly sayings).

In Believe: An Allah lover and paradise seeker.





أنور غني الموسوي كاتب وشاعر عراقي ، باحث ديني ، طبيب استشاري ومؤلف لأكثر  
من مائة كتاب. ولد عام ١٩٧٣ في الحلة.



Anwer Ghani is an Iraqi author and poet, a religious scholar, consultant physician and author of more than a hundred books. He was born in 1973 in Hilla.